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TRADE

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.

O 'twas not they through whom I breathed
That laid alone the spell;
Behold, the people of our land
Live but to buy and sell.

To buy and sell—they call it life;
But I had gifts to give;
I said, "O let me give my gifts—
Thus only may I live."

But I must sell my gift of gifts,
And I must buy again,
And fierce is traffic—fierce as war—
And numbers, too, its slain.

I had so much to give to life,
But, when my gift was sold,
Came those who measured my heart's blood
Into their cups of gold.

They trade in life—we that would live
Fall Death's heirs in that strife.
O what is there they buy or build
So dear as would be—life?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE bureaucrats of our Postal Department have now assumed complete censorship over the American press. By a recent amendment of the Post Office Appropriation Bill the Postmaster General has been authorized to exclude any undesirable publication from the second-class mailing privileges. The amendment reads:

"That section 3893 of the revised statutes of the United States be, and the same is hereby, amended by adding thereto the following:

"And the term 'immoral' within the intendment of this section shall include matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination; and the Postmaster General is hereby authorized to exclude from the second-class mailing privileges any publication which contains matter that suggests, advocates, or approves the abolition, overthrow, or destruction of any and all government, or the commission of arson, murder, or assassination."

The new law is designed especially against Anarchist publications. But if impartially applied it can serve the authorities to suppress any and all publications in the country. Even a casual glance at the amendment will convince the reader of the utter asininity of our lawmakers. Just consider, the Postmaster General is authorized to exclude from the second-class mailing privileges any publication which contains matter that suggests, advocates, or approves the abolition, overthrow, or destruction of *any* and *all* government.

Thus, not only our own government is constituted by statute sacrosanct, but even the autocracy of Bloody Nicholas, or of the Ottoman hangman, Castro's tyranny, as well as the régimes of the barbaric rulers of Africa. A Gladstone, daring to characterize the Sultan as a red-handed assassin, would now be imprisoned in our free Republic for *lèse-majesté*. The authors of the Declaration of Independence would be hanged.

We Anarchists are not terrified by such idiotic legislation. It may necessitate greater sacrifices and cause us to exert more energetic efforts; but it is powerless to stem—much less exterminate—the Anarchist movement. What the governments of Europe failed to achieve with the aid of the most cruel brutality, our congressional small fry will never succeed in accomplishing.

* * *

A MOST unheard-of incident happened at San Francisco. William Buwalda, a soldier in the United States army, attended several meetings of Comrade Emma Goldman and shook hands with the latter at the close of her last lecture. For this "crime" Buwalda was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to five years at hard labor, notwithstanding the admission of his superior officers that Buwalda was for fifteen years an exemplary soldier.

The brutal sentence for such an insignificant offence —if offence it was—is past belief. Such an outrage were impossible in any other country. But in our free country everything is possible. An energetic campaign of protest must at once be set on foot to secure the liberation of the victim of military arbitrariness. Every fair-minded man should become interested in the case of Buwalda and strain all efforts to procure his release. The soldier Buwalda is the victim of the military Moloch, celebrating the first orgies in this country.

The development of our one-time republic into a plutocracy is most pregnantly expressed in the extreme growth of militarism and of a boundless tyranny resulting from this national tumor. The spirit of militarism has received its greatest stimulus under the régime of the man selected by the alleged peace lovers as the recipient of the Nobel prize. The last Congress distinguished itself by appropriating five hundred million dollars for war purposes.

Militarism is no more a mere academic question in this country. It is now a live issue, in which every citizen is vitally concerned. An energetic anti-militarist propaganda is the need of the hour. The case of Buwalda is well adapted to initiate the movement.

* * *

COMRADE L. CAMINITA, editor of the administratively suppressed *Questione Sociale,* has been indicted by the Passaic grand jury on the charge of inciting to riot. The helot-souled jurymen lost no time in executing the commands of Roosevelt to silence Caminita. We trust they will not succeed in the attempt to railroad our comrade to prison.

* * *

AMONG the scribes dishing out weak pabulum to the readers of our bourgeois newspapers and magazines there is a man named Broughton Brandenburg. These journalistic cooks have each a special dish which they practice upon the gullible public with the dexterity of a professional charlatan: the specialty of Brandenburg is Anarchism. His "essays" on the latter would, however, never convict him of the remotest familiarity with the subject. He has now again unburdened his oppressed soul in the June issue of the *Broadway Magazine*, under the sensational title, "The Menace of the Red Flag." We do not remember to have come across a symposium of so much superficiality and ignorance condensed in a single article. No responsible editor of any European publication would ever dream of mistaking such worthless trash for an essay.

The Brandenburg article differs but little from the every-day sensational stuff written on the subject by the average journalistic hack. If any difference does exist, it is to be found in the more than ordinary ignorance displayed by the author in matters Anarchistic. A few examples will suffice to characterize the quality of our essayist's information.

Brandenburg refers to Michael Bakunin as a Frenchman who is supposed to have been the author of a code of nineteen rules, containing explicit directions for assassination. "This code," we read in the essay, "is standard to-day. Czolgosz had a copy in his effects in Chicago."

Every tenth-rate reporter knows that Michael Bakunin was a Russian. Nor was he the author of the so-called code, as imputed to him by the well-informed Brandenburg. The clever essayist of the *Broadway Magazine* probably meant the revolutionary code of Sergei Netchaiev, which is to-day practically unknown. Nor were any Czolgosz effects found in Chicago, for the simple reason that there were none. It has been judicially proven that not even as much as a scrap of paper was ever found on the person or among the effects of Czolgosz.

Comrade Emma Goldman is referred to by Brandenburg as "the preceptress of Czolgosz." The fact is, however—as has been repeatedly stated—that our comrade

met Czolgosz but once, on which occasion they exchanged only a few formal remarks.

Alia, a totally unknown man, is alluded to by our clever informant as a leader of the Paterson Anarchists and named together with Bresci, whom Brandenburg calls Brescia. Both Alia and Bresci are classed in the article together with Esteve, Caminita, Guabello, and Galleani. William McQueen is rechristened into Peter. And so *ad infinitum.*

These are but a few instances, selected at random. The *Broadway* article is as full of false statements and data as a hedge-hog is of bristles. That Brandenburg also throws the parlor and State Socialists Hunter, Patterson, Phelps Stokes, Kahn, and Hillquit into the same pot with the Anarchists, further proves his entire innocence of any understanding of either Socialism or Anarchism.

The crowning glory of the would-be essay, however, consists in the declaration—made with the self-consciousness of a thoroughbred Know-nothing—that Anarchism is a foreign importation. Our well-informed author has evidently never heard of such obscure names as Josiah Warren, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lysander Spooner, David Thoreau, and scores of other blue-blooded American Anarchists.

But it were naïve to expect either fairness or reliable information from the Brandenburg species. The editors of the *Broadway Magazine,* however, would scorn such trash had they the least respect for themselves or their readers.

* * *

THE last act of the presidential campaign comedy is near at hand, and the poor ballot-sheep are at a loss for the "best" choice. Too many good things are on the market:Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Prohibitionists, National Independents, Socialists, and Social Laborites. The veriest carnival, in which the Socialists play the most comical part. The spirit of the ballot box has overcome them, and now they show signs of *delirium tremens.* Their recent national convention, which has selected poor Debs to re-enact his rôle of also-ran, is fitly described by a Leonite in the following words:

"The motto most conspicuous in the Socialist Party national convention hall at Chicago is: 'The Way to Solve a Problem Is to Dodge It.' That motto is graven on the foreheads of the leaders and breathed out at every pore. These 'representatives' of a great historic movement are but multiplied instances of the Scotch minister the Edinburgh *Socialist* tells of, who, coming across a particularly knotty passage in the Bible, said: 'We must look this difficulty squarely in the face—and pass on.'

"The convention just held is calculated to remove what doubt may have existed in the minds of sceptical students of the Socialist movement in America as to the fact that practically the entire membership of the Socialist Party—the intellectual and middle class leaders as well as the hard working, proletarian rank and file—are blind and fanatical upholders of the purely political conception of the Socialist movement. 'We must get votes, votes, votes!'—that was the keynote of all deliberations, the supreme consideration in the minds of all debaters. Many a leading delegate showed plainly that he was a determined upholder of the highly 'practical' motto, 'Get votes! Get them consistently, if you can, but get votes anyhow!'"

Quite true. The unconscious humor of the situation has not dawned, however, on the Socialist Laborites: in the strenuous race for votes they outstrip their opportunistic step-brothers.

Eugene V. Debs has very class-consciously begun his presidential electioneering at the right end—with the Socialist reverends. Godspeed!

* * *

THE Los Angeles Socialist weekly, *Common Sense*, writes:

"*Common Sense* has been criticized for refusing a paid advertisement of the Emma Goldman meetings. Others are still sore because free advertising was given last year. Both sides fail to understand our position. Last year the paper, though published by a stock company composed of Socialists, was in no way connected with any official organized body of the Socialist Party, was not rigidly bound by party lines. We were free to analyze people like De Leon and Emma Goldman from a Socialist standpoint and not from a mere partisan standpoint. Knowing fully where we stood ourselves in principle, we did not need to dodge anything or anybody. This year the paper is the official organ of the County Executive Committee of Los Angeles County, an official body of the Socialist Party, responsible to its constituents with the duty to watch over the interests of that particular section of the party. The majority of our ever-increasing membership—thanks to the busted prosperity—and also a good many of our old war horses, are untrained enthusiasts, who had no chance as yet

to get well grounded in the principles and the methods of their own party. They are not deep-rooted and liable to be carried away by a flood of brilliancy, beauty, and emotion."

In the next issue of this party organ, "the majority of whose membership is liable to be carried away by a flood of brilliancy, beauty, and emotion," we read in ever-increasing wonderment the following class-conscious announcement:

"After a serious, fair, and very instructive discussion Branch Los Angeles disciplined Comrade Claude Riddle by suspending him for a term of 30 days for having acted prominently and pronouncedly as advance agent for the meetings of Emma Goldman in this city. His mind is still in a formative period. He is seeking for truth and moved by a very sensitive instinct for fairness and justice and healthy vigorous protest against the mob call of 'crucify.' This generous impulse is so strong in him that he is not aware of the fact that as an individual in prominent and representative party position he is part of an organism which in its very nature and structure is fundamentally different from the type of organization aimed at by the Anarchists. All comrades expressed the highest esteem and regard and appreciation of all the services rendered faithfully to the cause in the past and of the high motives of his attitude in the present case, but the majority seemed to agree in the opinion that the party could not afford it at this juncture of the time to show an uncertain attitude of members in prominent position of trust, especially at the most critical period of the life of our party. A good, profound, earnest study will do our comrade lots of good. It is only too bad that we have no equal chance to send our halfbaked demo-populistic and anti-class-struggle Christian or Gentile well meaning emotionalistic Socialists home for a much-needed training in economics and party discipline for 30 days or more."

Is the editor of *Common Sense* conscious of the ridiculous rôle the party is forcing him to play? Is it not about time to rechristen the party organ into *Common Nonsense,* as more exactly expressive of its true character? In a nutshell, the editor simply declares:

(1) That the Socialist Party, like the Catholic Church, does not tolerate the free expression of opinion in its ranks;

(2) That the Socialist Party, like the Catholic Church, watches over the fold and their salvation, and punishes by excommunication any follower who dares to think for himself;

(3) That only the Socialists of radical and revolutionary tendencies, but not the "half-baked demo-populistic

and anti-class-struggle Christian or Gentile well-meaning emotionalistic Socialists" are put under the ban;

(4) That the moment *Common Sense* became the property of the party it ceased to be an independent organ, and,

(5) That its editor then lost his individuality and liberty and was turned into a mere machine, registering the will of the "majority who are untrained enthusiasts and liable to be carried away by a flood of brilliancy, beauty, and emotion."

The Socialist parties in every country give evidence of the same tendencies. It is nothing new. Yet it is highly interesting to find these facts so naïvely exposed by the editor of a Socialist party organ.

* * *

IN a former issue we took occasion to remark on the wondrous versatility of Mark Twain, the American champion literary heavyweight. We frankly expressed our admiration for the broad-mindedness of a man who will enthusiastically applaud the Russian revolutionists in the morning, and later, with equal enthusiasm, toast the Tsar at a five-o'clock tea. Mark never misses an opportunity to remind the broadclothed mob of his intellectual hospitality. At a recent banquet of the British Schools and Universities Club our inimitable humorist, after rehashing the dear familiar jokes of hoary age, felt moved to express his great admiration for the lamented Queen Victoria and her son, King Edward. Said he:

"As a woman, the Queen was all that the most exacting standards could require. As a far-reaching and effective and beneficent moral force she had no peer in her time, among either monarchs or commoners. As a monarch she was without reproach in her great office.

"What she did for us in America in our time of storm and stress we shall not forget, and whenever we call it to mind we shall always remember the wise and righteous mind that guided her in it and sustained and supported her—Prince Albert's. We need not talk any idle talk here to-night about either possible or impossible war between the two countries. There will be no war while we remain sane and the son of Victoria and Albert sits upon the throne.

"In conclusion, I believe I may justly claim to utter the voice of my country in saying that we hold him in deep honor, and also in cordially wishing him a long life and a happy reign."

A capital joke, Mark, if you bear in mind that old Vicky, while duly lamenting her never-to-be-forgotten Albert, very successfully consoled herself with her lackey, John Brown, in whom she evidently found her long-sought-for affinity. Her illustrious son undoubtedly inherited his royal mother's "far-reaching and effective and benevolent moral force," for as Prince of Wales he had already won undying fame as *the* champion of Jersey Lilly morality and occasional fair play—at baccharat.

As a jokesmith Mark Twain has won fame and fortune. He is now in a fair way to achieve immortality as a sycophant of royalty. The republic of letters has found in him a worthy successor to Poe, Emerson, and Whitman!

AMERICAN RADICALISM

By LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

IT is seldom given to the rebellious mind to view the actual with patient toleration. Enamored of beauty and truth, inflamed with the ideal of a justice to be realized through a larger understanding of man for man, eager for greatness, the soul is sickened and disgusted by daily contact with ugly hypocricies, by monstrous injustices, by pettiness and greed.

At rare intervals, however, moments of illumination come to the soul that is tired with the tiredness of misunderstanding and isolation. A certain godlike nonchalance possesses the imagination. An amusing scorn, mingled with a curious compassion, fills the breast. Then it is that the mind, freed from all personal bitterness, views, like Maeterlink's God, the actions of man as "the naughtiness of pups playing on the hearthrug." The very humanity in the heart of the great soul, at once binding him to his fellows and separating him from them, enables him to understand and love the individual, while despising his petty outlook.

This calm and tolerant contemplation, this large understanding is essential to us, if we would obtain the gift of greatness. We must strip our souls of all personal bitterness if we would court greatness. Once the vision is ours, it is at our peril if we lose sight of it. For in the close and merciless analysis of our souls we know at last that only greatness counts. In our daily living,

occupied with details, baffled by petty annoyances, irritated by overwrought nerves, dissatisfied with the great discrepancy that exists between our doing and our desire, we may, perhaps, form the habit of applying the larger test to the motives and actions of man.

It is with this calm and impersonal judgment that I would deal with the subject of this article. Four years ago I became acquainted with the radical movement (if such it may be called) of this country. Born and reared in a conservative New England town, educated in the restricted atmosphere of a Puritan community, I have watched with much impatience the discouraging spectacle of the inconsistencies, the narrowness, and cowardice that have been exhibited by those to whom I have looked for greatness and enthusiastic daring. Having passed through the first stages of disappointment and discouragment, of disgust and scorn, I now wish to try to understand the psychology of the phenomenal indifference of so many American Radicals.

I shall endeavor to avoid rash generalizations, to confine myself to facts, to speak from personal observation and experience. While my experience is limited to a period of four years and to the western section of the country, it may, perhaps, prove valuable as a comparative study to others who are familiar with the radical movements of this and other countries.

It is said that the topography and climate of a country determine to a degree the character and temperament of its inhabitants. Our observation would seem to justify this theory as an established fact. Accepting it as such (for the sake of argument) one would naturally expect to find in Colorado a liberty-loving and justice-demanding people. The vast expanse of sky and prairie, the great stretch of mountain ranges with the towering snow-capped peaks should arouse in the observer thoughts of greatness, free and spontaneous action, expressing itself in a radical demand for a divorce from all the shams of a false and cruel civilization. Here, it would seem, justice and fraternity and liberty must awake in the souls of men.

But what are the facts? Do we find this liberty, this justice, this demand for fair play, this passion for the realities of life, and hatred of pettiness and falsity? To

a degree, yes! The moral code is less absurd, less binding in the West than in the East. Divorce is more frequent. Social intercourse is more spontaneous and genuine. There is less fear of social ostracism. The individual is taken more at his own worth. If he has brains, proves himself interesting and original, few inquire into his past or take the trouble to climb his family tree.

All this is interesting and encouraging to the radical worker. But he looks for more. And, alas, he looks in vain for that co-operation and enthusiasm in a definite radical movement that he expected to find. In no State is political corruption more rampant, graft more shameless and open than in Colorado. Colorado has made herself conspicuous in the world's eyes for her economic struggles, for her political and social turmoils. The long and weary struggle of the miners and the mine operators, the buying and selling of offices, the political intrigues, and the economic upheavals have left, no doubt, their imprint upon the minds of the people, but no such determined effort or concerted action has developed as one might logically expect to find.

The Socialists of Colorado are proud of their recent victory in the Moyer-Haywood trial and of their increased vote at the last gubernatorial election. And yet they know that, left to themselves, their cause had been a lost one. It was the work done outside of the States of Colorado and Utah that determined the fate of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. Fear of the avenging wrath of an aroused people saved the lives of the men on trial.

Outside of the Socialist ranks one looks in vain for a definite progressive economic movement in Colorado. True, there are little groups and so-called "progressive" clubs where economic questions are touched upon along with "New Thought," social and "political reform," and what not. But there is such an admixture of superstition and ceremonial that any practical results are an impossibility. Vital questions are so buried in religious and metaphysical miasma that the mind is befogged and action stultified. McIvor Tyndall with his "Swastika" publication, Hanish and his "Mandaznan" philosophy, Lucas and his "Limitless Life," Victor Southworth in his "Search for Sanity" have their little followings, but any-

thing like a unified movement based on logical necessity is not in evidence in Denver.

Here and there are individuals who, freed from all superstitions and illogical mental processes, have worked out a clear and sane Anarchistic philosophy. They are well-read and mentally able men and women. It is to these individuals, then, that the radical new-comer would naturally turn for support and co-operation in forming a "movement." Here again he is doomed to disappointment. What are these individuals *doing?* Nothing, practically nothing!

Whenever the subject of arranging meetings for an Anarchist lecturer is broached to them, whenever it is suggested to form classes in economics, or to establish a club for scientific study, the would-be organizer is met with indifference and discouragement. These individuals are either too lazy or too cowardly, or too small and short-sighted to exert themselves to arouse an interest in a movement for social and economic freedom.

There is more or less activity among the Jewish Radicals on the West Side of Denver. They can usually be relied upon to lend moral and financial support when called upon. But it is of the American Radicals I write. And it is because I believe the Colorado English-speaking Anarchist is typical of the American Radical everywhere that I cite him as illustrative of indifference and supreme and narrow egotism.

If such is the case, then what is the Radical worker to do? First of all he must attempt to grasp the viewpoint of the American mind. He must study the ideals, the motives and desires of the so-called "native" American. It is useless to try to change the American attitude toward life and values, however much one may deplore it as narrow, hypocritical, and egotistical. It is folly to try to instill humanitarian impulses into the American. He is essentially egoistic. Whatever he does or believes, his actions and beliefs are always the result of mathematical calculation and personal gain. "Is it worth the price?" is the question ever uppermost in his mind. He always counts the cost.

All this is in strange and pitiable contrast to the Rus-

sian temperament. And yet, I repeat, it is worse than useless to try to Russianize the American mind.

If there is to be an American movement for social freedom it will have to express itself along the lines of the American temperament and genius. And if such a movement is incongruous and impossible, then, with a few lone exceptions, the work for freedom will be carried on by those who come to these shores in search of liberty and, not content nor silenced with loud protestations and empty words, demand their inheritance as free-born souls—the reality of freedom and justice.

EN ROUTE

MOTHER EARTH will contain this month such a variety of interesting reports and material anent my work on the Coast, that I shall merely add but a few words.

The gods themselves seem to have favored my tour. Never in all my previous experience have so many things of interest occurred as during this trip.

The brutality of the Chicago authorities, followed by the stupidity of their San Francisco colleagues, helped to advertise my meetings everywhere.

In Portland it was the Y. M. C. A. and a German society, "The Arion," who, in withdrawing their halls less Anarchism uncover the soiled spots of their "white purity," brought out large audiences six nights in succession. And now comes the brutal sentence of the soldier William Buwalda to five years' imprisonment, for which, by the way, Emma Goldman is responsible. At least that's what General Funston says. The General will have to be more original if he wants people to listen to him. The yarn that Emma Goldman is responsible for every violent act during the last fifty years, even before she was born, and for all others that might happen in the next hundred years, is getting stale and monotonous. Besides, General Funston—as a "Christian" and military man—does not believe in violence; of course not. Yet he coldly and deliberately robbed a man of his liberty, almost of his very life, because he dared to attend a public meeting in uniform. Such is the logic and humanity of those who practice legalized violence.

Yes, Portland proved unusually valuable, partly thanks to

the stupidityy of the Y. M. C. A. and the "Arion," but particularly because of the great and generous efforts of Mr. E. C. S. Wood, the most liberal and unique figure on the Coast. The most gratifying feature at the Portland meetings, however, was the great mixture of humanity that thronged the halls: workingmen, tramps, hoboes, lawyers, judges, doctors, men of letters, women of society, teachers, students,—in short, everybody. At the meeting on May 25th a movement was started in behalf of William Buwalda to arouse public indignation against his barbaric and tyrannical sentence; also a fund to help him in every way. The sympathy of the meeting was wired to William Buwalda. We know, of course, that the military authorities at the Federal prison will not deliver the message, but we want all liberal and radical elements of America to know that the outrage perpetrated upon that soldier in Alcatraz prison will not go by unprotested. I shall, of course, continue to raise my voice in his behalf, and I hope the readers of MOTHER EARTH will make their indignation known and felt publicly. Those wishing to contribute their mite to the fund can forward the money either to Mr. E. C. S. Wood, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon, or to MOTHER EARTH.

I shall soon have finished my tour, naturally very tired and fatigued after four months' active work; but never more convinced of the growing interest in Anarchism and the sympathy with those who are engaged in the dissemination of the truth, as to what Anarchism really stands for.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Spokane, Wash., May, 1908.

LOS ANGELES

(Report.)

EMMA GOLDMAN was in Los Angeles from April 28th to May 9th. In that time she delivered seven lectures and held a debate with a representative of the Socialist Party. She also gave two lectures in Pasadena. The local press did not go greatly out of its way to herald her arrival, only one evening paper having

any extended notice, and, with the exception of reports of the first lecture in two morning papers, no criticisms of the various addresses were given. As both the reports mentioned were so worded as distinctly to belittle the lecturer's ability, it cannot be said that the success achieved owed anything to the influence of the press.

It is painful to be obliged to chronicle in this connection that *Common Sense,* the weekly organ of the Socialist Party, declined to accept a paid advertisement of the meetings. This was the course pursued by the *Times* last year, and *Common Sense* then could find nothing too bad to say of the policy that, in its turn, it pursued this year. What was it that Emerson said about politics being derived from "policy, a trick"?

It may be noted further that the *Examiner,* Hearst's organ and always, according to its own protestations, the fearless champion of the workingman, accepted the money for an advertisement, but subsequently returned it. This sheet was the only morning daily to pass the meetings over in entire silence.

If no aid came from the press, opposition of the most serious character was experienced in another direction. Almost to the last moment it was regarded as assured that the gentleman who makes a specialty of staging the leading public speakers who visit this city from time to time on lecturing tours, would handle the entire matter, advertising extensively and securing the best hall, which will seat some two thousand. When it came to the pinch, however, he found himself face to face with a hall boycott and dropped the matter. The amateur committee that took the problem up immediately discovered that only two halls were to be had, each seating only about 350, and one of them greatly out of the way.

Despite these really immense difficulties $440 was taken in at the doors, and literature was sold at the meetings to the extent of $104. Those in sympathy with Anarchism find much encouragement in this, believing that such results, obtained without the aid of sensational puffing and in the face of obstacles that appeared for the moment to be almost insuperable, testify to a genuine interest in the movement.

It should be added that the police acted with a discretion that, apparently, has not been shown elsewhere.

Several officers were said to have been present at the first lecture, "Anarchism: What it really stands for," but they were not greatly in evidence, and, so far as is known to the writer, they did not trouble to attend any of the subsequent addresses.

It is generally understood here that Emma Goldman's lectures were, as was the case last year, educational in the truest sense of the word, and that they were so arranged as to present the broadest review of the entire social question. My own taste doubtless affects my judgment, but it seemed to me that the addresses on the "Revolutionary Spirit of the Modern Drama" and "Pillars of Society" held the audience most closely in their grip, in spite of the fact that each was given on a hot afternoon and in a hall that was intensely stuffy. The first lecture, however, was given under circumstances that must have been most trying to all present, and were obviously a most serious tax on the speaker. The night was exceptionally sultry, the hall was low-ceilinged and poorly ventilated, every seat was occupied, and hundreds were standing. As a natural result the atmosphere became well nigh unendurable, but not a soul left the room, although the meeting, with the numerous questions that followed the lecture, consumed more than two hours. All seats were sold long before the hour of meeting, and many hundreds were turned away.

Owing to the small size of the halls it was found necessary to charge twenty-five cents, but the last lecture, that on "Patriotism," had the admission placed at only fifteen cents, as for this it had been found possible to procure a somewhat larger hall. Those in charge of the arrangements were greatly fearful that the increased prices, coupled with the fact that the lectures had to be given now in this hall and now in that, an arrangement that always tends to confuse the public, would result in a great falling off of attendance, as compared with last year. Happily this fear proved unfounded.

Certain interesting developments have followed these lectures and should be noted carefully for the light that they throw on the attitude of the Socialists. By far the most active man in the arrangement of the meetings was Claude Riddle, and too much praise cannot be given him for his untiring efforts. He has been for years one of

the most indefatigable workers for the Socialist Party in this district and was the champion whom the party selected to debate with Emma Goldman last year. For his activity in connection with the recent visit he has been suspended by the party, its organ, *Common Sense,* announcing the suspension in the following terms: "After a serious, fair, and very instructive discussion, Branch Los Angeles disciplined Comrade Claude Riddle by suspending him for a term of 30 days for having acted prominently and pronouncedly as advance agent for the meetings of Emma Goldman in this city." Then follows a glowing eulogy of the value of the services rendered in the past by Riddle, and a series of sage reflections on the benefit that the suspended comrade will derive from being able to utilize the period of suspension in the study of economics. The movement as a whole is sadly lacking in humor, and this divertissement should, it seems to me, be welcomed heartily.

It is difficult, however, to take a humorous view of the manner in which *Common Sense* reported the lectures and, in particular, the debate between Kaspar Bauer, representing the Socialist Party, and Emma Goldman, the subject being Socialism vs. Anarchism, straight. Apparently the paper's reporter labors under the impression that Bauer had the best of the discussion. Clearly she is most unorthodox, for, to her, the voice of the majority at that meeting was anything but the voice of God. If she is an individualist, of course we must respect her private judgment, but it reads queerly. As a matter of fact the debate was a farce, as was expected by many, and is only worth recording from the fact that the Socialist representative admitted in the crudest—or shall I be polite, which he was not, and say the frankest?—way that Socialism meant discipline and the relentless crack of the whip. The exposition of the party's position received almost instantaneous illustration in the suspension of Riddle.

As a contrast to the attitude taken by the Socialist organ it may be well to note that adopted by the *Citizen,* the official journal of organized labor in this city. I have not the slightest idea that organized labor here sympathizes with the Anarchist movement, for its members cannot be induced to attend meetings and therefore know

not a thing about it, but the *Citizen* was fair, saying that the lectures were evidently of great educational value. It also quoted approvingly a Winnipeg publicist of note, who spoke most highly of the addresses given there, explained the underlying principles of the movement that Emma Goldman represents, and paid a glowing tribute to her private character.

In San Francisco a United States soldier was recently court-martialed, charged with the heinous offense of having attended one of Emma Goldman's meetings and actually applauded. The comparison of the action taken by the government and that of the Socialist governing board in Los Angeles naturally suggests itself.

W. C. OWEN.

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AN IMPRESSION

(Correspondence.)

IT was raining. That was nothing out of the ordinary. It is always raining here. The usual Sunday crowd moved lazily along with an occasional stop and a nonchalant glance at the gaudily dressed shop windows or to imbibe the inane suggestiveness of a theatrical poster. The crowd was wet, but not disagreeable or grumbling—the rain, with the monotonous method of the average school teacher, had taught its lesson—submissiveness. The people were water-logged, heavy, slimy with inaction, the many rains had percolated through and softened the gray matter and, continuing, had thinned and diluted the blood—the red corpuscles no longer swam in a rubrescent stream.

Every little while a few of the bedraggled ones would gather in front of the entrance of a large brown-stone building and stare at a sign placed there. The building, ponderous and uncouth, was doing duty on an entire city square. It represented millions of dollars. The decaying bodies of a thousand men attested its value, twice as many more each day marched into its dark recesses to emerge at night a little paler, a trifle weaker, all in order that the heavy gray monster might yield all that its largeness called for.

Oh, yes, the sign! It, too, was bathed in the falling liquescent beneficence of the Almighty and, unused to the downpour, was writhing and wrinkling in discomfiture. The color of the large letters that traced the name Emma Goldman, mixing with the wet, ran down the white card in little red rivers mingling with the black letters that told of a certain Dr. Titus, became a muddy brown and continued down the card, flowing across the rest of the legend which proclaimed a debate between the two, that evening.

A little while and the "audience" began to arrive, little groups of two and three, then tens, then long lines of steaming, excited, curiosity-inspired "quarter spenders." The hall was filled; two score were turned away.

The debate? There was no debate—

The Doctor, the modern representative of proletarian, hard-handed, harder-headed Socialism, began with a sickening water and honey eulogy of Anarchists, called them idealists, spread on thick his saccharine verbosity, and with mellifluous suavity proclaimed them beautiful, cloudy abstractionists who occasionally lovingly used the dagger and bomb to entice the reticent to take notice of the graceful outlines of the cloudbanks in a summer sky. He took his seat, and a large applause told him that his adherents approved of his effort. This was mostly Socialist applause, and Socialist applause is very much like the sudden dropping of peas in an empty tin bucket: there seems to be no force behind it; it comes, dutifully, at the right moment. When Emma Goldman stood up to reply there was also applause. This from the curiosity seekers; sounded rather like the booming of the surf on a desert isle,—meaningless.

She calmly scraped off the surplus honey, hit right and left, straight to the point, presenting and clinching every argument. The Doctor's jaw dropped; the smile that he had been wearing fled. A few more well-directed shots from his opponent, and a wild look came to his eyes. Stormy applause several times from the audience sent his sloughing indifference flying, and he sat up rigid in his chair. Then again his time. No honey now. The Anarchists were ordinary assassins, their philosophy directly taught it, it would inevitably lead to two definite ends, dreamland or bloody murder. Then he snarled,

bit and tore, fumed and foamed, told of his magnificent record, his love for his cause, defied the Anarchists to present one who could equal himself in fortitude or constancy or courage, or who had suffered as much for Anarchism as he had done for Socialism, told of his parentage, his affiliations with Tolstoi cottage in Boston, his repudiation of Jesus, the size of his shoes, the color of his hat-band, but no argument for Socialism, no refutation of the claims of Anarchism. He regained his seat unsteadily, knowing that he had not done well; for the accompanying applause was as the blowing of the wind through an autumn forest. Emma Goldman was confident—nay, even brusque—when she next appealed to the audience. Every argument went home. She told of the conditions in France; the treachery of Millerand; the trying affairs among the Germans; the ineffectuality of the three million votes there. All of this had marked effect; she held her audience to a man. There was little to refute or dispute with her opponent; so she told of her literature and gave some of the fundamental tenets of Anarchism. Then the Doctor, who closed, foamed at the mouth, screamed, screeched, pathetically pointed to his loose-collared shirt, told of his harrowing experiences among cockroaches, and then, tragically pointing at Miss Goldman, forcing a little withering scorn, said, "She stops at the 'Butler'!" "The Butler" is another large, wet, gray-stone building where fairly nice rooms may be had for a price. This closed the debate. The applause this time was mainly from the Socialists who comprise Dr. Titus's brand of Socialism—(one of the 57).

There was no debate—Emma Goldman delivered an Anarchist lecture; Dr. Titus snarled and told of his bitter sufferings for Socialism. And the poor, curious audience now think that a dirty shirt and the very close proximity of the sportive cockroach are the qualifications for membership in the Socialist Party.

W. P. LAWSON.

Seattle, Wash.

IN PORTLAND

(*Verbatim Report of the Introductory Address by former Senator C. E. S. Wood.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen:

About two thousand five hundred years ago a Prince was born in India, who, because of the sufferings of mankind, left his princely estate and went among the people to labor for the good of the common man; and he and his disciples became outcasts and wore rags, in symbol of which you will find that no Buddhist priest to-day wears a robe which is made of one piece. And so Buddha came into the world and went about to labor for the good of man; and at the conclusion of his life, when he had met largely the insolence of prosperity and the bigotry of those who were in comfort, he said: "The field that I plow is Ignorance and the weeds thereof are Error. The plow that I use is the Truth, and Self-Combat is the fertilizing rain." And from that day to this, and before that day to this, the foe with which those who would make the world better have had to combat has been, and is, ignorance.

When Miss Goldman's advance agent came to me and stated that he could not find a suitable hall, I told him I would be glad to do all that I could to assist Miss Goldman to a hearing, and we applied for the Arion Hall. When I spoke for it it could be had, but when it was found it was for Miss Goldman's use it was withdrawn and could not be had. Now, I have no feeling myself about that act of the Arion Society because I know it was due to misrepresentation and ignorance. They had taken Miss Goldman to be the apostle of force, violence, and assassination, and so they were not willing to use their hall for that purpose. They are, as I understand it, a German society, and I say to them that if they remember the days of their fathers and grandfathers, in the days of '48, if they remember the initial combat for individual liberty in Germany, they owe it to themselves more than to Miss Goldman to come and hear for themselves what she says and then judge her accordingly, and if they find she is the apostle of the liberty that their forefathers fought for, then let them be done with that illiberal and bigoted ignorance which judges before it has heard, or, worse

than all, which deliberately refuses to hear and still judges.

We then applied for the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Stone, the secretary, said we could have it, and the contract was made. Then it was announced, and then upon Mr. Stone's head fell the storm. He called me up to say that his life was being made a burden to him. His directors had called a special meeting for the occasion and there was a general sense of outrage, that the Young Men's Christian Association should allow Miss Goldman to use its hall. Miss Goldman's agent, with the true Anarchist spirit, said, "We are not here to inconvenience our friends or to make martyrs of any man. Release them from their contract even if she does not speak at all." And they were released.

I have no feeling about this refusal either, but I say that it is the result of bourgeois and comfortable ignorance; an ignorance of the facts of Anarchism and an ignorance of what Miss Goldman has actually said and what she stands for; and I say those gentlemen who raised that storm owe it to their name as the Christian Association to leave their golf games, their amusements, their comfortable and pleasant places, and come here now and hear for themselves what Miss Goldman has to say. (*Cheers.*) I doubt if they do it. I say it without bitterness, but there is nothing so ignorant as wilful ignorance, and there is no one so blind as he who will not see, and I am afraid that these Christians of the Young Men's Christian Association are Christians to-day because Christianity is popular (*Cheers*). Christianity is easy. It costs nothing to-day to say you are a Christian. I very much doubt if these same comfortable gentlemen would have been Christians in that day when to be a Christian meant to take your place on the Roman fagot pile, to be hunted into the catacombs, and to be racked and tortured by power and authority because you professed the name of the great Anarchist, Jesus Christ.

I doubt if these same directors of the Young Men's Christian Association would then have been found enlisting themselves as Christians. (*Cheers.*) I doubt this, not because of the personality of these gentlemen; many of them I do not know. But because it is the history of

the world that those who are intolerant of anything which differs from their own opinion or which threatens to invade their own comfort, are not the stuff of which martyrs are made.

But I say now, so that if any of them be here they may hear me, or if they be not here that my words may reach them, to either come now and learn what is the truth about Miss Goldman, what in fact she really says, or in all common decency and manliness after this to hold their peace.

A lawyer sworn to the prosecution and defence of justice and liberty said to a friend of mine, referring to Miss Goldman, "She is a damned Anarchist and she ought to be hung." Suppose Miss Goldman said this of some man obnoxious to her,—any man—Rockefeller, if you please; he is a common target. (*Laughter.*) Suppose she said he ought to be hung. She would then really deserve to be called an apostle of violence. But how about the lawyer? What of him? Is it Christian doctrine or American doctrine from his lips? Yet this gentleman admitted that he had never heard her speak and had never read a word she had written, and what is more, he said he never would and didn't want to. Yet he was prepared to judge. Another gentleman said to me that if he had his way he would not permit her to open her lips in Portland. That is the modern American version of free speech and liberty. And this gentleman, too, admitted that he had never heard her; had never read anything of hers, but was judging her from newspaper notoriety. He, too, said he would not be seen in the hall where she was, because he was satisfied she deserved her reputation. And that is the spirit of modern American justice.

We then applied for this hall and I say to the credit of Mr. Merrill that he not only gave it knowingly, but made a reduction in his terms so that it could be taken. (*Cheers.*)

By this time a feeling had gone abroad that these illiberal acts were not acts consistent with the great fundamental doctrine of American liberty, the right to think freely and to speak freely, and ladies and gentlemen commenced to express themselves to me. The Rev. Mr. Elliott, of the Unitarian Church, said: "I do not wish

to open our church to a political discussion or discussions of this kind; I had rather not. But if Miss Goldman cannot get a place to be heard in this town she can have the Unitarian Church." (*Applause.*) And Dr. Chapman, of the Oregonian staff of editorial writers, and Rabbi Wise, and other gentlemen who are here, offered to come and stand on the platform with Miss Goldman as evidence of their protest. Not, you will understand, that they accept the doctrines of Anarchy. The doctrine is not the point. Human liberty is the point. They were willing to come here and stand with me for what I stand for,—human liberty and free speech. (*Cheers.*) Any doctrine will take care of itself if it is allowed to be given expression. If it is good it will live, and if it is bad it will die; but free thought is an empty phrase without the utterance freely of that thought; and I think it is time that men who call themselves Americans, men who call themselves citizens of this American Republic, take some thought concerning the right of others to express opinions which differ from those of the majority. There never has been a time when people were restricted in expressing the popular opinion or the opinion of the government; the very germ of liberty lies in the freedom to speak those things which the popular opinion and the government do not approve. The very first article of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States says that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. That is not mere printer's ink. It is blood. The blood of our forefathers; not only in the American Revolution, but in the whole struggle of the common people for liberty: in England; in France; in Italy; everywhere. The Constitution of the State of Oregon, by its very first article, provides that "the people have at all times the right to alter, reform, or *abolish* the government, and that no law shall be passed restraining the free expression of opinion or restricting the right to speak freely on any subject *whatever,* but every person shall be responsible for the abuse of this right." That is not mere printer's ink laid away between sheepskin covers, as our comfortable and indifferent, respectable citizens seem to believe. That is blood; human blood. Those words were bought by centuries of sacrifice; by sufferings in the dungeon, on

the rack, and on the scaffold. And these same comfortable people think this land is still the land of liberty, because they can do as they please; but it so happens that the things they want to do are the things which are the conventional things and the popular things of to-day. Just as the divine right of kings was the conventional and the popular thing years ago. It is true that no man can utter an opinion, particularly in the squares or parks of New York or Chicago, to-day, unless he has first obtained a police license, and that police license will not be issued if the opinions are distasteful to the police or opposed to the conventional ideas which are popular. Do you call that preserving the right to free speech? In both Chicago and New York this very woman has been led off the platform by policemen before she has uttered a word. Is that free speech on any subject whatever, save only that they shall be responsible for what they say? That is as much suppression as anything done by the police of Russia, and I stand here to-day to put myself on record as saying that Miss Goldman and her doctrines and her opinions are not the point; are not the important question. The important question is the right of every American to utter freely his opinion on any subject whatever, and I stand here to-day to put myself on record as determined, cost what it may, to defend free speech and human liberty. (*Applause.*)

Mrs. Millie Trumbell offered to introduce Miss Goldman at her lecture last night, but after this fact was announced in the hand bills, she telephoned me that it had raised such a storm where she was employed in the City Board of Charities, that she would have to withdraw. What do you think of that for charity? (*Cheers.*) What do you think of that for fairness of treatment? I will venture to suggest that there is not one of that Board of Charities who knows what Miss Goldman stands for, because if they knew they would understand that the doctrine she propagates does not stand for violence. They do not know, and the worst of it is, I am afraid, they do not care to know. They condemn unheard; and that is what I stand here to protest against.

What is this American liberty to-day? The mails are censored by a man from whose judgment there is no

appeal to any court. He can mark any mail as fraudulent, improper, revolutionary, Anarchist, and exclude it from the mails, and there is no more appeal from him than from the edict of the Tsar of Russia. A man can come to this country as John Turner did; a man widely known and appreciated, a citizen of England who had toured all Europe organizing labor unions,—that was his mission,—but because he belongs to an Anarchist sect he is turned back from these shores, put in jail, and deported by *lettre de cachet,* the simple signature of the Secretary of Commerce. Absolutely no appeal. That is the freedom of Louis IV. and of the Tsar of Russia. And here, this morning, you will read in your paper that a soldier of the army of the United States, named Buwalda, with fifteen years' honorable service, has just been court-martialled in San Francisco, dismissed from the army, disgraced, degraded, and sent to prison for five years because he did just what you are doing now, no more and no less: came to hear Miss Goldman deliver the same lecture you are to hear. How long will you stand it? Five years for going as an American citizen to hear a lecture he was interested in. And General Funston states the fact as a crime, and a double crime, because the man was in uniform and applauded. And from that decision there is no appeal. There is no appeal from the decision of a court-martial except this: If you have some American red blood in your veins, get indignant about it. Make a howl about it. Make the cowardly newspapers feel it. Make your representatives in Congress feel this outrage on American citizenship and human freedom. This man Buwalda, as an American citizen, goes to listen to some doctrine he is interested in (if it was unlawful they would have stopped her), and he is degraded for life for doing a lawful act. How long will you stand it?

Benjamin Franklin said, "Where liberty dwells, there is my country." Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death." Is it with us always to be money, money; nothing but making money? Is that to be the spirit of the American people? Is there nothing left in us of the spirit of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington?

I say you people ought not to leave this hall and go

to your dinners and your vocations and forget this man Buwalda. It is bad enough that this man should languish in prison, but worse than that is this blow at American citizenship. It shows that the comfortable masses and the governing classes are as far from a true conception of liberty as Russia.

Now, I have said all that I care to say. I have taken too much of Miss Goldman's time. But I conclude as I began, by saying that it is not so important to me, nor to any man, what a doctrine is, but that men and women shall have the right peaceably to declare it and peaceably to go and listen to it.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing to you Miss Emma Goldman.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

GERMANY.

The May issues of our sister organs *Der Freie Arbeiter* and *Der Revolutionär* were confiscated by the officers of the law, who followed the outrage by domiciliary visits in Berlin and other cities.

BELGIUM.

The *Fédération du Travail,* organized on revolutionary principles, recently held its first convention. The number of delegates present was sufficient proof of the progress made by the syndicalists of this country. Considerable work was accomplished at the convention. Among other things an energetic protest was made against the renewed persecution by the Belgian authorities of the Anarchist organ *L'action directe.*

PORTUGAL.

Comrade Campos Lima is trying a daring experiment by publishing a daily Anarchist paper, *A Boa Nova.* We sincerely hope that the new publication will enjoy longer life than the previous experiments along these lines.

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The Anarchist review *Novas Horizontes* has again appeared after having been suspended for some time.

FRANCE.

A significant augury of a happier future is the fact of the recent congress of social revolutionary teachers—the

men and women whose lives are devoted to the education of the growing generation.

The delegates condemned capitalism and decided to co-operate with the next congress of the *Confédération du Travail.*

RUSSIA.

A warning against a certain spy has been issued April 12th, 1908, by the Russian groups at Paris, representing the following parties: Proletariat, Socialist Revolutionists, Anarchist Communists, and Social Revolutionary Maximalists. The warning is directed against Meczislaw Alexandrowich Kensizki, also known as "Metek," "Felix," and "Hippolit." The man is charged with being a spy of the Russian government since 1904. At the very moment of his being unmasked by some of our comrades, the French government conveniently "expelled" him from the country.

The man is described as about 21 years of age, dark brown hair, eyes brown, height above medium. Special marks of identification: small wart near the ear. General—almost no hair on the face. Speaks Polish, Russian, and French, the last two languages with a Polish accent.

* * *

The trial of the sixteen members of the Anarchist syndicalist organization of South Russia has just begun. They are charged with having founded revolutionary unions, organized expropriations of government and bank funds, and executed terroristic acts against representatives of the Tsar. The evidence against our comrades consists of bombs and other weapons found on them during their arrest.

Reaction appears completely triumphant—for the time being—especially in the south. The prisons are crowded with revolutionists. Over a hundred of our comrades are incarcerated in Odessa.

ITALY.

An exceptionally bright Anarchist paper is being published at Rome since the first of May. The new apostle of liberty is called *L'Alleanza Libertaria.* Address, Casella postalla, 276. Among the contributors of our new sister-organ we notice the names of some of the most prominent comrades in the Italian movement.

The syndicalist and Anarchist workingmen of Rome have recently organized a general league to counteract the reactionary influence of the old labor organizations which are exploited by politicians for their own aggrandizement among the workingmen of Italy. There is a great number of revolutionary syndicalists. The Labor Exchanges of Spezia, Ancona, Parma, Ferrara, Piacenza, Varese, Como, Brescia, Sestri, Ponenta, Savona, Sampierdarena, and other cities of lesser importance are under the influence of the syndicalists.

It is characteristic of the syndicalist movement in this country that its membership counts also great numbers of field laborers, whose organization is over 3,000 strong. At least a quarter of them are syndicalists, especially the organized farm hands of the provinces Parma, Piacenza, Ferrara, and a considerable number of those in South Italy.

At Bologna, the syndicalists are publishing a weekly, *L'Internazionale*, of more than usual editorial merit.

BULGARIA.

In spite of the brief existence of this country, as an independent State, and notwithstanding the comparative youth of the labor movement, parliamentarism has already aroused considerable dissatisfaction in the popular mind. Such dissatisfaction does not necessarily lead to Anarchism; yet it is the threshold of direct economic action, a great step forward and away from the ballot box.

The Anarchist movement is still weak. Although the "Declaration," by Emile Henry, has been translated into Bulgarian over fifteen years ago, and most of the works of P. Kropotkin have also found their way into the country, the Anarchist movement may be said to have been born here only two years ago, when several Anarchist groups were formed at Philippopel, Razgrad, and Varna. Since then various books and brochures on Anarchism have been translated and found considerable circulation. In the early part of 1897 several comrades coöperated in the publication of a paper called *Svobodno Obchestvo* ("Free Society"). Immediately after the first issue, however, the publication was confiscated by the authorities, and all the known comrades arrested. No effort has been made since to publish the second issue.

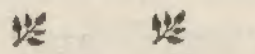
In spite of all suppression, however, the movement is gradually progressing. The spread of Anarchism cannot be terminated.

BRAZIL.

A convincing example of solidarity is offered by the Anarchist movement in this country. The comrades of Brazil understand it perfectly to dovetail theoretical views with practical requirements. The vain discussions about Indivadualism and Communism, which are responsible for so much waste of time in the movements of other countries, have been practically eliminated. The majority of the comrades consider divergent opinions, underlying such discussions, as questions of individual temperament. Instead of wasting energy in never-ending debates, they employ their time more profitably by carrying on a revolutionary propaganda.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the spread of our ideas is the lack of popular education. The majority of the population are illiterate, and those workingmen who are able to read generally lack the means to purchase literature and books.

Two papers are being published here by our comrades, *A Terra Livre,* at Rio de Janeiro, and *A Lutta,* at Rio Grande. The Brazilian Anarchists are also in close touch with the comrades of Argentine and Peru.



BOOKS RECEIVED

QU'EST-CE QU'UN ANARCHISTE? E. Armand. Editions de *L'anarchie, 22,* Rue du Chevalier-de-la-Barre, Paris.

RELIGION AND SENSUALISM. Theodore Schroeder.

PERCY B. SHELLY. A vicissitude in four acts. John Franklyn Phillips, New York.

FROM ANGLICAN BOY PREACHER TO ANARCHIST SOCIALIST IMPOSSIBILIST. Guy A. Aldred, London.

ŒUVRES: Michel Bakounine. Avec un Avant-Propos par James Guillaume. P. V. Stock, Paris.

SIDEREAL SIDELIGHTS. Charles L. Brewer. Balance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.

LES HOMMES DU JOUR: Gustave Hervé, Georges Clémenceau, Jean Jaurés, General Piquart. Text by Flax; designs by A. Delannay. Paris, 3, Rue des Grand-Augustins.

LEAFLET ACCOUNT

Receipts.

Previously acknowledged receipt for the publication of "Down With the Anarchists" leaflet..	$10.80
Educational Association, Buffalo, N. Y., Per I. Chumaker	4.00
Fr. P. Young, Springfield, Mo	2.00
M. Kisluik, Atlantic City	1.00
J. P., New York	.50
Per S. Prasow, Winnipeg, Man	5.00
M. Cahn, St. Louis, Mo	1.00
Per Theo. Appel, Chicago, Ill.:	
Freedom Group	3.00
Debating Club No. 1	5.00
F. Wilhelm	2.00
V. M. Harnickel, Williamsport, Pa	1.00
Total	$35.30

Expenses.

Printing first installment of 10,000	$18.50
" second " " "	15.00
Postage to various cities	3.30
Expressage to Chicago	1.10
Postage to Canada	.62
Total	$38.52

The leaflet "Down With the Anarchists" having proven unusually successful as a means of propaganda, the Federation is anxious to publish more of them, if the comrades at large will continue to send financial assistance.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Receipts.

J. P., New York	$ .50
J. F. Phillips, Great Neck, N. Y	1.00
J. F. Medina, Brooklyn, N. Y	1.00
Jennie Cravello, Barre, Vt	.50

Dr. Young, Los Angeles, Cal	1.00
Mrs. A. W. Lowe, Los Angeles, Cal	1.00
M. Voit, Adelaide, S. Australia	2.44
E. G. lectures at Salt Lake City, Utah	118.00
" " " Sacramento, Calif	25.00
" " " San Francisco, Calif	450.00
" " " Los Angeles, Calif	300.00
" " " Seattle, Wash	122.00
" " " Portland, Ore	192.00
Marietta, Sacramento, Calif	2.00
Dr. Geo. Pyburn, Sacramento, Calif	1.50
Geo. Davidson, San Francisco, Calif	.50
A Friend, Seattle, Wash	5.00
A Friend, Portland, Ore	1.00
	$1,224.44
Subscriptions and renewals	87.50
Total receipts	$1,311.94

Expenditures.

Deficit, as per May account	$350.87
E. G. traveling, hotel, and miscellaneous expenses at Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Portland	400.00
Cost and office expenses, May M. E	291.00
Incidentals	5.60
Invested in literature	275.00
Total expenses	$1,322.47

Deficit, $10.53.